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.....*SCHOOL*

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SECTION FIRST.

Exercises on the Anomalous Digraphs.

I.—NO ONE SHOULD BE IDLE.

wool	flood	door
school	blood	floor

THERE was a little boy; and his Papa and Mama gave him a little book like this, and sent him to school. It was a very fine morning; the sun shone, and the birds sang on the trees.

Now this little boy did not much love his book, for he was but a silly little boy; and he had a wish to play, and not go to school. And he saw a bee flying about from flower to flower; so he said, "Pretty bee! will you come and play with me?" But the bee said, "No, I must not be idle; I must go and gather honey." Then the *little boy* met a dog, and he said, "Do

will you play with me?" But the dog said, "No, I must not be idle; I am going to watch my master's flock, and I must make haste lest any of them go astray."

Then the little boy went to a hay-rick, and he saw a bird pulling some hay out of the hay-rick, and he said, "Bird, will you come and play with me?" But the bird said, "No, I must not be idle; I must get some hay to make my nest with, and then I must get some moss and some wool." So the bird flew away.

Then the little boy said to himself, "What! is no one idle? then little boys must not be idle." So he went to school, and sat down to his lessons; and the master said he was a good boy.

II.—THE BUSY BEE.

heat	health	skill
each	spread	skil-ful-ly
year	sweat	mis-chief

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,

And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play
Let my first years be past,
That I may give, for every day,
Some good account at last.

III.—THE HUNGRY ARABIAN.

heav-y	her	cam-el
heav-en	earth	trav-el-ler
leath-ern	pearls	de-light-ful

An Arabian had lost his way in the desert. *Two days he* had wandered about without

finding anything to eat, and was in danger of perishing of hunger. Suddenly he fell in with one of those pools of water at which travellers water their camels, and near it there lay upon the sand a little leathern bag.

"Heaven be praised," cried he, after he had lifted it up, and felt its weight. "Doubtless it contains either dates or nuts; and what a delightful treat they will be! How they will refresh and comfort me!"

So saying, and filled with high hopes, he opened the bag; but, on beholding its contents, he exclaimed, with a sad, heavy sigh,—"Alas! alas! they are only pearls."

IV.—THE WIND.

learn	great	road
ear-ly	break	worst
ear-nest	swear	boughs

"*The wind* blows cold and loud to-day; *see how these* tall fir trees bend, as it

sweeps by them; and the dry brown leaves are blown from the elms.

"I think some of their large boughs will break down soon, if the wind blows so hard much longer. Do you like such wind as this Mama? Can winds do good as well as heat and cold?"

"Yes, they can, and I think we should not know what to do, if there were not such winds now and then.

"Wind dries the land when there has been a great deal of rain, and it is too wet. Wind makes the roads dry and clean, so that you and I can walk out, and not get our feet wet.

"How could Jane dry her things when she has washed them, if there were no wind? How could boys fly their kites?

"But worst of all, how could poor men who live in ships, and sail on the wide sea, a great way from their own land, come back to it, if God did not send them a fine wind, to make their ships come *home?*"

V.—THE TWO BROTHERS.

great	heart	sa-cred
break	hearth	cra-dle
pear	hear-ken	shoul-der

We are but two—the others sleep
Through death's untroubled night;
We are but two—oh let us keep
The link that binds us bright!

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood
That warms us is the same;
That good old man—his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were locked—
Long be her love repaid!
In the same cradle we were rocked,
Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and woe;
Let manhood keep alive the flame
Lit up so long ago.

We are but one—be that the bond
To hold us till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie.

VI.—THE FOX AND THE CROW.

coal	broad	cheese
coast	a-broad	peo-ple
toast	groat	thought

A CROW stole a piece of cheese, and flew with it in his mouth to the highest branch of a tall tree, near the den of a fox; and the fox, by chance, came close to the foot of the tree, to lie down and bask himself in the sun. Soon after the fox had laid himself down, he saw the crow with this tempting piece of cheese. "Well," thought he, "I should like that very much." So he looked up, and, in his sly way, thus addressed the crow:—"My dear crow—oh! how glad I am to see you! How gay you look! How greatly do people slander you who say that you are as black as a coal, for I see that your wings are mixed with a fine green. They say, too, that you have a very rough voice, but I, on the contrary, think it must be very sweet." The crow was so very vain as to think that all the *fox had said* was true; so he tried to sing

him a song, and down dropped the cheese, which was just what the fox desired. As soon as he saw it fall, he took it up, and, with a scornful laugh, ran off as fast as he could.

VII.—THE ANGRY COW BOY.

cow	crow	cher-ries
down	knows	climb-ed
flow-er	own-er	mead-ow

A BOY was herding a cow in a meadow, close to a garden in which there grew a cherry tree, laden with fine ripe cherries. Well, the boy forgot the cow, and climbed the tree to feast himself.

So the cow broke through into the garden, ate what she liked best, and trod the flowers under foot.

The boy shortly saw this; and he became very angry. He jumped down from the tree, got hold of a large stick, and gave the cow a terrible beating.

Now the owner of the garden had seen the whole affair. So he came to the boy *and said:—*

"Who most deserves to be beaten with the stick, you or the cow? She knows no better. You do. Are you, then, better than she? Tell me that."

The blush, which spread over the little boy's cheeks, showed his sense of shame.

VIII.—THE BOY AND THE CROW.

found	could	cheese
round	would	chased
mouth	should	greedy

DICK was a little boy, who took care of cows in a park not far from a wood. One fine sunny day in June, Dick having sung himself a song, said, "I will now take my dinner." So down he sat upon a mossy bank, and pulled out his bread and his cheese; but just as he was going to begin, a butterfly, with its gay wings shining in the sun, flew past. "O what a lovely butterfly," said Dick; "its wings are all shining with gold and silver! I must have it." So down he laid his bread and cheese.

sprang to his feet, and off he ran after the butterfly. He chased it from flower to flower, but just as he was going to catch it his foot slipped, and down he fell flat on the grass. When he rose, the butterfly was far out of his reach. "Well, well," said Dick, "I cannot help it. I will just go back to my dinner, since I have lost the butterfly." But Dick soon found that he had lost more than the butterfly; for, as he was going back to his dinner, he saw a great black crow flying off with his cheese in its bill. "O you thief of a crow!" cried Dick, "that was *my* cheese that you have got in your great greedy mouth. What right have you to that cheese?" The crow turned round, shook its big waving wings at Dick, as much as to say, "Just as much right had I to the cheese as you to the wings of that gay butterfly. I have only done to you what you tried to do to the butterfly."

IX.—THE FOX AND THE STORK.

your	four	hop-ing
tour	pour	right-ly
soup	course	shal-low

ONE day the fox asked the stork to dinner. The fox is a funny fellow, and he wished to play a trick on the stork. So when the stork came she found nothing on the table but soup, in wide shallow dishes, so that she could only dip in the end of her long bill, and could not appease her hunger. The fox lapped it up very quickly, now and then asking the stork how she liked her dinner, hoping that it was to her mind, but saying that he was sorry to see her eat so little. The stork knew that he was making fun of her; but she made no remark.

Some days afterwards, the stork, in her turn, invited the fox to dine with her. Cunning as he was, he did not expect to be paid back in his own coin; so he agreed to go. When dinner was served, he was *much* vexed to see nothing but some me

cut very small, and placed in a big bottle, the neck of which was very long and very narrow. The stork, thrusting in her long bill, could help herself to plenty of it; but the fox could only lick the outside of the bottle. The fox asked if that was all the dinner. "O yes," answered the stork; "I am glad to see you are so hungry; I hope you will make as good a dinner at my table as I did at yours the other day." The fox felt somewhat angry at first; but afterwards confessed that he had been rightly dealt with. He felt that, if he did not like to have a joke played upon himself, he should not have played one upon the stork.

We should never do to another what we would not like another to do to us.

X.—LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

CHILDREN, do you love each other?
Are you always kind and true?

Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?
Are you gentle to each other?
Are you careful, day by day,
Not to give offence by actions,
Or by anything you say?

Little children, love each other,
Never give another pain;
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.
Be not selfish to each other,
Never mar another's rest;
Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest.

XI.—THE OLD MAN AND HIS SONS.

four	young	thought
soul	la-bour	some-where
court	trou-ble	won-der-ful

AN old farmer, who felt himself near death, was wishful to teach his sons that it was their duty to work, and that labour *will always* meet with its reward.

One day he called all the young men to his bedside, and spoke to them thus:— "My sons, you know that I have worked very hard; but I have had much trouble in bringing you all up; and for all my labour, I have not been able to make much. But still, all the riches which I possess lie under ground somewhere in our farm: I cannot tell you the exact spot; so you must dig for them all over the farm, and try to find them after I am gone."

In a few days the old man died, and after they had piously laid him in the churchyard, they set to work to find the riches of which he had told them. They dug up the whole of the soil of their farm with much ardour, and laboured at it for many days with wonderful vigour. But they found no riches, no gold, nor silver, nor bags of coins, as they had hoped to do; and they began to have hard thoughts of their poor dead father.

But when autumn came they were de*lighted to find* that their farm was far the

richest in the whole country. None of their neighbours had so fine wheat, or so much of it, as they had; and their income for the year was nearly double that of their cousins, whose farm had been thought to be much better than theirs. "Aha!" cried one of them to his brothers, "we understand now what were the riches that our dear father meant."

XII.—THE BOY AND THE WOLF.

tie	chief	friend
ties	field	re-al-ly
cries	be-lieve	mis-chief

A BOY was set to watch a flock of sheep in a field near the side of a wood; and as he was fond of mischief, he would now and then cry out, "The wolf! the wolf!"—although there was no wolf to be seen. Now, you know that the wolf will kill sheep, and devour them too; and the boy knew that if he should want help, the men who were at work near him *would come to* drive away the wolf. By

this means he often drew the workme who were in the field, from their work, an then made sport of them, and told the he was only jesting.

At last the wolf did really come; an the boy ran to the men, crying ou "The wolf! the wolf!" But now the me would not believe him. "We know yo too well," they said; "we do not thin anything you say is true."

In vain he cried for help. So the wo fell on the poor timid sheep and lambs, ra off with one, left two or three dead on th ground, and bit a great many.

If you tell lies, though even in jest, n one will believe you when you speak th truth.

XIII.—THE BOY AND THE STARLING.

vein	seize	might
skein	per-ceive	height
neigh-bour	con-ceive	de-light

AN old gamekeeper had a starling in h *room that could* utter a few words. E

example, when its master said, "Starling, where are you?" the bird never failed to answer, "Here I am."

Little Charles Reid, the son of one of his neighbours, always took a particular delight in seeing and hearing the bird, and came frequently to pay it a visit. But little Charles was not very honest, and conceived a strong desire to make the bird his own.

One day he arrived whilst the gamekeeper was out. Charles quickly seized the bird, put it into his pocket, and was going to steal away with his booty.

But that very moment the gamekeeper came back. Finding Charles in the room, without perceiving the trick that he had played, and wishing to amuse his little neighbour, he called to the bird, as usual, "Starling, where are you?" "Here I am," sung out the bird with all its might from the little thief's pocket.

XIV.—THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

they	pret-ty	gaz-ing
o-bey	mon-ey	peb-ble
sur-vey	bar-ley	con-ceal

THE vines were trained on poles in long rows, and the pretty red grapes hung down in clusters. The sun shone bright, the air was dry and sultry, and a fox that could find no water to drink stood gazing at the vines. "What a pity these fine grapes are so high," said the fox; "I should have a nice feast—they would be both meat and drink; but I will try." He then made one of his very best leaps, and his nose nearly touched them;—he thought they had a very fine smell. He tried again and again, but the last time he fell upon his back, which was hurt by a big pebble. He then cast his eye on the grapes, gave a grin, and said, "Ye mean trash, I would not eat you though you were lying on the ground. Ye are so sour that the very sparrows would not pick you."

Those who cannot procure things which

they desire, often give them a bad name, in order to conceal their disappointment.

XV.—HARRY AND THE FLIES.

paid	said	pane
pain	saith	cru-el
faith	a-gain	pinch-ed

THERE was once a little boy whose name was Harry, and he stood by a window, and tried to catch the flies which crawled up the panes of glass. At last he got hold of one, and he pinched it so hard, that it might not get away, that the poor fly was killed. He then pulled off its legs and its wings, and brought them to show to his mother.

"Oh! poor fly!" said his mother; "it is quite dead; how much you must have hurt it. It will never fly about any more with these pretty wings, which you have torn from its body; never run any more *with all these* six legs which you have

pulled off; never eat and drink any more; never be gay and happy again!"

Harry looked down, and tears stood in his eyes. He had not meant to do wrong in killing the fly; he had thought only of his own amusement, and not of the fly's pain; and he was very sorry for what he had done.

"You are but a little boy," said his mother, "and so you never thought that a fly could feel pain as well as yourself; but, now that you know a fly does feel pain, it would be very wrong if you ever did anything of this kind again, either to a fly or to any other living creature. To give pain without any use is cruel; and I should not love my little Harry if he were cruel; and if you were to forget what I now tell you, I should have to punish you, in order to make you remember it, and to prevent your doing so any more."

XVI.—THE YOUNG MOUSE.

built	fruit	guile
guilt	bruise	guide
bis-cuit	cruise	guise

A YOUNG mouse lived in a cupboard where sweetmeats were kept. She dined every day upon biscuit, fruit, and fine sugar. Never did any little mouse live so well.

She had often dared to peep at the family while they sat at supper. Sometimes she even stole on the carpet, and picked up the crumbs. Nobody ever hurt her.

Well, one day she came to her mother in great joy, squeaking out, "Mother! the good people of this family have built me a house to live in; it is in the cupboard. I am sure it is for me, for it is just the right size. The bottom is of wood, and it is covered all over with wires. There is a door, too, just big enough for me, so that puss cannot follow me. The good people have put in some toasted cheese, which *smells so nice* I should have run in directly.

but I thought I would tell *you* first. Let us go in together, and both lodge there to-night; for it will hold us both."

"My dear child," said the old mouse, "it is lucky you did not go in; for your fine house is nothing but a trap. You would never have come out again, except to have been devoured by the cat, or drowned. Though man has not so fierce a look as a cat, he is as full of guile, and certainly no friend of ours."

XVII.—LITTLE THINGS.

new	drew	sew
hew	crew	board
view	grew	thought

Two men were at work one day in a ship-yard. They were hewing a piece of timber to put into a ship. It was a small piece, and not worth much. As they cut off the chips, they found a worm, a little worm, *in the wood*, about half an inch long.

"This wood is wormy," said one; "shall we put it in?"—"I don't know: yes, I think it may go in: it will never be seen, of course."

"Yes; but there may be other worms in it, and these may increase and injure the ship."

"No, I think not. To be sure the wood is not worth much; but I do not wish to lose it. Come, never mind the worm; we have seen *but* one; put it in." So the wormy piece of wood was put in. The ship was finished, and she looked very beautiful indeed. She went to sea, and for a number of years did well. But it was found, on a distant voyage, that she grew weak and rotten. Her timbers were found to be much eaten by the worms. The captain thought he would try to get her home; but she sprang a leak. She filled with water, and soon after sank, with all the goods and most of the people on board.

How much property, and how many

lives, may be lost by a little worm! And how much evil may a man do, when he does a small wrong, as he did who put the wormy timber into the ship!

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of Love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

SECTION SECOND.

Exercises on Silent Letters.

I.—THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

gnat	knee	might
gnash	knife	bright
gnaw	knot	caught

ONE very hot day, a great lion, quite tired with hunting for his prey, went under the shade of a large tree, and lay down to sleep. A little mouse came out of her hole in the tree behind, and ran over his back, waking him just as he was dozing off to sleep.

The great animal put out one of his paws and caught the mouse, who, nearly dead with fright, begged for mercy; and the noble lion was so kind as to let her run off.

Not long after this, the lion was one night hunting for his supper in the woods, when he was caught in a net spread for him by the hunters. Not being able to get out of it, he set up a loud and dreadful *roar.* The mouse heard the noise, and

thinking it might be the voice of her ki friend, she ran to the place, telling him keep still, and she would try to set h free. So the mouse set to work with l little sharp teeth, and soon gnawed t strings and knots of the net, so that t lion got up, and having shaken himse walked away, thinking to himself, "If had not been so kind as to spare the l of that useful little mouse, I might ha lain under the net until my enemies ca and put an end to my life."

This fable was written to teach us th however great we may now be, we m one day, perhaps, stand in need of he from the most humble.

II.—A VISIT TO THE WILD BEASTS.

phi-al	sight	pick-ed
phys-ic	thought	quick-ly
pheas-ant	de-light	back-ward

ONE day Philip's father told him to g ready quickly, for he was going to ta him to see a show of wild beasts. Phil

was quite delighted, and set out in great glee with his papa. On entering the place, he felt a little afraid at first, for the beasts roared so loud, and ran backwards and forwards in their cages, and he feared they would get out. However, he soon got used to the noise, and was able to enjoy the sight of so many different kinds of animals. He saw lions and tigers, wolves and monkeys, parrots and eagles. The fowl that he admired most was a beautiful golden pheasant, which strutted about as if quite aware that it was handsome. But the elephant delighted him more than all the rest. It looked so wise, and was so obedient to its keeper. He saw it perform several feats. It rung a bell, picked pins off the floor with its trunk, and, most wonderful of all, poured some physic out of a phial into a glass, without spilling a drop. Philip thought he would have liked to remain watching it for hours; and for many days after, he could speak of nothing *but the wonderful* elephant.

III.—THE ROBIN.

dumb	calf	fright-en
crumb	calm	break-fa
thumb	folk	ap-pear-

It is a bitter morning. The groun white. Poor little Robin! The seeds grains of corn he used to find about doors are all covered up with sn Hunger and cold make him tame, an hops to the doorstep, or to the wind sill, with his small shrunk feet and shi ing legs. His meek eye seems to "Please to give me some breakfast."

"Stop," said Peter, "I'll run for trap, with the strings and horse-hair, will try to catch him by the leg."

"No, no," said little Mary, "d frighten him, poor fellow. Mama that many would be thankful even for crumbs we make when we cut the br at tea-time. I'm sure Robin will be to get them."

So she got a handful of crumbs, *threw them* out; and then she and

sister went back, that Robin might pick them up without being frightened.

Every morning while the storm lasted, Robin made his appearance for more crumbs. He seemed to have found a friend; and I am sure Mary was all the happier for being kind even to a poor Robin-redbreast.

Poor Robin! why should any of you try to catch him? Would it do you any good? I remember, when very little, seeing a poor lark caught. It had been accustomed to soar, twittering and chirping, in the morning sun. A cruel boy put it into a cage, but the lark could not sing any longer. It sat cowering and silent in its prison, as if its little heart would break; and, oh, how glad it was when the cage door was opened, and it was allowed to fly away!

Be kind to Robin-redbreast, and to all his brothers and sisters that sing among the branches. Their life and their liberty *are as sweet* to them as yours are to you.

IV.—MARY'S PET LAMB.

MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

He went with her to school one day;
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, I'm not afraid;
You'll keep me from all harm.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry:
"Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
*The teach*er did reply.

V.—BOB, THE OLD HORSE.

know	neigh	pleas-ant
knew	plough	tread-ing
known	though	dai-sies

Do you know poor Bob, the old horse? See, there he lies on the grass, in the warm sunshine.

Poor fellow! he cannot work now as he once could: no, he is old and lame. Once he was young and strong, and then he worked with a willing heart and quick-treading feet: he never complained, or said that he had too much work to do; for he loved his master, and liked to serve him. And now, when he is able to work no longer, his master is very kind to him, and has given him this nice field to live in, where there is plenty of sweet grass, with daisies and king-cups, shady trees, and sunny spots, and all so pleasant that I think he must be happy, though he is old and weak.

Then at night his master takes him *home to a* warm stable, where he has a

soft bed to lie on, and good hay to eat. Is he not a kind master to his poor old servant?

I suppose he thinks as Mama once said to me,—"We should never despise any creature because it is old and feeble; for if we live a short time longer, we also shall be old, and then we shall want some kind friend to take care of us."

VI.—THE OLD MAN AND HIS ASS.

hour	sir-rah	walk-ing
hon-est	ghost	whis-tling
hum-ble	rhyme	de-light-ed

AN old man and a little boy were driving an ass to the next market to sell it.

"What a fool is this fellow," says a man upon the road, "to be trudging it on foot with his son, that his ass may go light." The old man, hearing this, set his boy upon the ass, and went whistling by his side.

"Why, sirrah," cries a second man to *the boy,* "*is* it fit for you to be riding while

your poor father is walking on foot?" The father, upon hearing this rebuke, took down his boy from the ass, and mounted him himself.

"Do you see," said a third, "how the lazy old knave rides along upon his beast, while his poor little boy is almost lame with walking?" The old man no sooner heard this than he took up his son behind him.

"Pray, honest friend," says a fourth, "is that ass your own?"

"Yes," says the man.

"One would not have thought so," replied the other, "by your loading him so shamefully. You and your son are better able to carry the poor beast than he is to carry you!"

"Anything to please;" so he and his son alighted, tied the legs of the ass together, and passing a pole through the knot, tried to carry him upon their shoulders over the bridge that led to the town. This was so amusing a sight

that the people ran in crowds to lo
at it.

At last the ass burst the cords that t
him, slipt from the pole, tumbled into t
river, and was drowned.

The poor old man made the best of
way home, filled with shame and sorr
that, by trying to please everybody,
had pleased nobody, and lost his ass i
the bargain.

VII.—THE SILLY LITTLE LAMB.

lambs	night	field
tombs	light	danc-ed
climb-ed	brought	shep-herd

THERE was once a shepherd who had
great many sheep and lambs. He to
great care of them, and gave them sw
fresh grass to eat, and clear water
drink; and if they were sick, he w
very good to them. When they climb
up a steep hill, he used to carry the lam
which got tired in his arms; and wh
they were all eating their suppers in

field, he used to sit upon a stile, and play them a tune, and sing to them; and so they were the happiest sheep and lambs in the whole world.

But every night, when it grew dark and cold, this shepherd called all his flock together, and drove them into the fold, and shut them up. There they lay as snug, and warm, and comfortable as could be, and nothing could get in to hurt them. The dogs lay round on the outside to guard them, and to bark if anybody came near; and in the morning the shepherd opened the fold, and let them all out again.

Now, they were all very happy, as I told you, and loved the shepherd dearly that was so good to them, all except one foolish little lamb.

This lamb did not like to be shut up every night in the fold; and she came to her mother, who was a wise old sheep, and said to her, "I wonder why we are *shut up* so every night: the dogs are not

shut up, and why should we be shut up? I think it is very hard, and I will get away if I can, for I like to run about where I please, and I think it is very pleasant in the woods by moonlight."

Then the old sheep said to her, "You are very silly, you little lamb; you had better stay in the fold. The shepherd is so good to us that we should always do as he bids us; and if you wander about by yourself, I daresay you will come to some harm."

"I daresay not," said the little lamb; and so, when the evening came, and the shepherd called them all to come into the fold, she would not come, but crept slily away, and hid herself. When the rest of the lambs were all in the fold and fast asleep, she came out, and jumped, and frisked, and danced about. At last she got out of the field, and went into a forest full of trees, when a very fierce wolf came rushing out of a cave and howled very loud.

Then the silly little lamb wished she

had been shut up in the fold; but the fold was a great way off. The wolf soon saw her, and seized her, and carried her away to a dismal den, all covered with bones and blood. There the wolf had two cubs, and the wolf said to them, "Here, I have brought you a young fat lamb;" and so the cubs took her, and growled over her a little while, and then tore her to pieces, and ate her up.

VIII.—THE SILLY LITTLE FISH.

"DEAR mother," said a little fish,
"Pray, is not that a fly?
I'm very hungry, and I wish
You'd let me go and try."

"Sweet innocent," the mother cried,
And started from her nook,
"That horrid fly is put to hide
The sharpness of the hook."

Now, as I've heard, this little trout
Was young, and foolish too,

And so he thought he'd venture out
To see if it was true.

And round about the hook he played,
With many a longing look,
And—"Dear me," to himself he said,
"*I'm sure that's not a hook.*"

"I can but give one little pluck;
Let's see, and so I will."
So on he went, and, lo! it stuck
Quite through his little gill.

And as he faint and fainter grew,
With hollow voice he cried,
"Dear mother, had I minded you,
I need not thus have died."

IX.—STEALING BIRDS' EGGS.

could	thought	wick-ed
would	brought	climb-ed
should	fought	pleas-ant

A WICKED boy found a bird's nest on a tree, and taking the eggs out of it, he *carried them* away.

The birds came back to the nest, and were sorry to find that it had been robbed by some bad boy.

The lad who had taken the eggs did not know what to do with them, for he was afraid to have it known that he had robbed a nest.

So he took the eggs and hid them away in the room where he slept, and where he thought no one would find them.

There they lay for many days, and gave him no pleasure, for he could not play with them lest it should be found out that he was a thief.

A few weeks after this, he was going by the tree where the nest was made, and he saw the birds flying around it as if they were at home.

He climbed up into the tree, and found that the birds had laid three eggs more. These he did not take, but said to himself that he would wait till the young birds were hatched.

So he watched the nest, and went to see

it very often. At last he found three little birds in the nest; and when they had grown to be so large that they were nearly ready to fly, this cruel boy took them out of their nice warm nest, and carried them home.

One of them died on the way, but two were alive when he came to the house. His father saw him with the birds in his hand, and asked him where he had got them.

He said that he found them on the side of the road, and he was so afraid they would be killed he had brought them home to take care of them, as they had no mother.

This was a sad untruth, and it shows us that one wicked thing leads to others. This boy went on from bad to worse. First he took the eggs, then he took the young birds, and then he told a lie.

He grew up to be a bad man, and it was not strange that he came at last to a *bad end.*

X.—THE BIRD'S NEST.

talk	eight	length
walk	weight	bus-ied
chalk	straight	listen-ing

COME, and I will tell you a story about a bird's nest.

Little Fanny Morton having finished a seam her Mama had given her to sew, and her brother Harry having said a good lesson, they were allowed to take a walk in the garden. Fanny led her brother by the hand to the flower-beds, telling him the names of all those her Mama had shown her the day before.

While she was busied in tying up a flower which the wind had bent down, Harry called out, "Fanny, Fanny! come and see what I have found; it is a pretty bird's nest, with five blue eggs." Fanny went to look at it, and admired it very much. "I should like to take it," said the little boy, "and string the eggs upon a piece of thread." "Oh no, you must *not indeed*," said his sister; "Mama would

be very angry; you know she has often told us that it is very cruel to take the nests, and make the poor birds so unhappy. It will be a great deal more pleasant to see the young ones when they are hatched, than to have the eggs strung upon a string."

Harry found his sister was in the right; and after listening to her some time, he said, "Well then, I won't take it; but we will come and look at it every day." They then ran together into the house, to tell their Mama what a pretty nest they had found. The next day they came to peep at it again, and saw the old bird sitting upon it; they crept softly away, for fear of disturbing her, which they would have been very sorry to do.

XI.—THE BIRD'S NEST—Continued.

After visiting the nest every day for a week, they found that the eggs were all *hatched, and* that there were five young

birds. They were poor little bare things, with scarcely any feathers upon them; all opening their mouths as wide as they could, for something to eat; and their mother had flown away to seek some meat for them. Fanny and her brother went to look at the birds very often, and were very much pleased to see that they grew every day, and were at length quite covered with pretty brown feathers; and one day, when the children went to look at them, they found them all flown away. Soon afterwards, they saw them hopping along the walks, and the old birds feeding them.

It was a pretty sight to see the little birds fluttering and opening their mouths, while the old ones were busily employed in bringing meat to pop into them. Harry, when he went into the house, asked his Mama if he might not take the nest, now the birds had done with it? She told him, they would perhaps like to *sit in it at* night for awhile, but he might

take it if he pleased in another week. Harry did not forget to fetch it at the time his Mama gave him leave. He and his sister examined it, and were much delighted to see how neatly it was made of moss and hay woven together, and lined with hair, wool, and feathers, to make it soft and warm for the young ones.

Fanny wondered how the little birds could make so pretty a nest without hands; she thought they must be very clever to do it all with their feet and bills, and had a great mind to try if she could make such a one; but after taking a great deal of pains to collect the materials, she found she could not put them together so as to make a nest; and that she was not so clever as the little birds.

XII.—THE PET CANARY.

bright	often	be-cause
ought	listen	feath-er-ed
daugh-ter	hasten	chick-weed

A LITTLE girl called Lizzie had a charming canary. He was a very pretty bird—of a bright yellow colour, and with a black crest. He sang and warbled, too, from morning to night.

Lizzie gave him seeds and nice fresh chickweed for food, and clear spring water for drink. Sometimes, too, little Pet got a piece of sweet loaf sugar, which he liked to peck at very much.

A happy pair were Lizzie and her feathered pet. You cannot think how kind they were to each other.

But, oh dear! all of a sudden Pet grew sick, and began to pine away. At last, one morning, when little Lizzie had taken water to him, there he lay, at the bottom of his cage,—*dead.*

Lizzie burst into a flood of tears. She cried and sobbed as if her little heart *would break.*

Well, Lizzie's mother bought her a new bird. He was just as pretty as Pet, perhaps prettier. He sang as sweetly too; if possible, more sweetly than Pet. There he frisked about in the cage that, alas! was Pet's no more.

But poor Lizzie wept all the more when she saw the stranger. At last her mother said to her kindly,—

"My dear child, what are you still crying for? Your tears will not bring Pet back again. Here is another bird for you, just as good, if not better."

Then said Lizzie,—"Dear mother, I cry because I did wrong to Pet. I did not behave to him as I ought. And oh! now he is dead, what am I to do?"

"My dear," said her mother, "you seemed always to take the greatest care of Pet."

"Oh no!" said Lizzie. "Shortly before he died, I ate the bit of sugar you gave me for him. Oh dear! oh dear!"

The mother looked on Lizzie in pity,

ot in anger; for she thought to herself, uch would be the feelings of a daughter at he grave of a dear mother.

XIII.—THE LITTLE LARK.

"I HEAR a pretty bird, but, hark!
I cannot see it anywhere;
Oh! it is a little lark,
Singing in the morning air.
Little lark, do tell me why
You are singing in the sky?

"Other little birds at rest
Have not yet begun to sing;
Every one is in its nest,
With its head behind its wing.
Little lark, then tell me why
You sing so early in the sky?"

"'Tis to sing a merry song
To the pleasant morning light;
Why linger in my nest so long
When the sun is shining bright?

Little lady, this is why
I sing so early in the sky.

"To the little birds below
I do sing a merry tune;
And I let the ploughman know
He must come to labour soon.
Little lady, this is why
I am singing in the sky."

XIV.—KING HENRY'S PARROT.

knave	John	float-ing
knows	Thomas	shriek-ed
knuckle	Thames	West-min-st

PARROTS are very pretty birds, which a brought from abroad. They are mu valued from their being able to learn speak or utter words like a human beir We are not to suppose that the parr always knows the meaning of what says; or that it uses speech, as we do, tell what it thinks; but what it says often very funny, and its talk sometin *seems to show* a great deal of sense.

One of the Kings of England, called Henry the Seventh, had a fine parrot, which was a great pet. This king lived much at Westminster, close by the river Thames; and as the windows of the house opened out upon the water, the bird learned many words from the persons who came to take boat there, and those who were sailing up or down the river.

One day the parrot, sporting on his perch at the window, tumbled into the water; and, as he fell, he shrieked out, "A boat! a boat! twenty pounds for a boat!" A poor waterman, who heard him, rowed his boat to the spot where he was floating, picked him up, and took him to the king, who was delighted to find that his pet was safe.

The waterman insisted that he should be rewarded, not so much according to his trouble, which was very little, as according to the value that the king put on the bird. He said that as the parrot himself had offered twenty pounds, the

king was bound to pay that sum. T
king refused, and said that he wo
leave the settlement of the matter
the parrot; on which the bird cried c
"Give the knave a groat."

XV.—THE MAN AND THE PARROT.

whole	two	doubt
write	sword	buy-er
wrath	an-swer	bar-gain

HERE is a story about another par
whose speech was not less funny t
that of King Henry's pet, and, as
will all allow, showed even more sen

This parrot belonged to a man
had a habit of saying, "There is
doubt about it;" and the bird s
learned to utter these words as well
its master. To all the questions t
asked it, it answered, "There is no do
about it." One day he took it to
market to sell it, and fixed the p
at twenty pounds. A buyer asked

parrot, "Art thou worth twenty pounds?" It replied, "There is no doubt about it." The buyer, delighted with the bird, bought it, and carried it home.

Some time after, he repented of his bargain, and said, "What a fool I was to have thrown my money away!"

"There is no doubt about it," sung out the bird.

XVI.—THE SLAVE AND THE LION.

high	through	qui-et-ly
height	thought	wound-ed
heighten	caught	grate-ful

A SLAVE ran away from Rome when the Romans were pagans. On his way he had to cross a desert to get to his home. One day, just as he had gone into a cave, he heard the roar of a lion, and was in great fear that he should be eaten up. But the lion came limping to him, and put his wounded paw upon the man's knee. The slave, on looking at the paw, saw that it

was much swelled, and that it had
sharp thorn in it. He then drew ou
thorn as softly as he could. The lion
the pain quietly, and when his paw
easy, he licked the man's hands,
fawned on him like a dog. The
lived there some days, for he was
and tired. At length, wandering th
the woods, he met with a band of so
sent out to apprehend him, and w
them taken prisoner, and led back t
master.

For his crime of running off, he w
be exposed to wild beasts. A lion
had been lately caught, and had not
fed for some days, was let loose upon
The lion sprang out with a loud roar
when he saw the man he crept soft
to him, and licked him, and then sk
about him. It was the same lion the
had met with in the desert. The
was set free. The lion was given to
and the grateful beast would follow
through the streets of Rome like a do

SECTION THIRD.

Graduated Promiscuous Lessons.

I.—MORNING HYMN.

quiet	hymn	be-cause
pause	scent	even-ing
kneel	shield	dew-drop

WAKE, little child! the morn is gay,
The air is fresh and cool;
But pause awhile, and kneel to pray,
Before you go to merry play—
Before you go to school.

Kneel down and speak the holy words:
God loves your simple prayer
Above the sweet songs of the birds,
The bleating of the gentle herds,
The flowers that scent the air.

And when the quiet evenings come,
And dew-drops wet the sod,
When bats and owls begin to roam,
And flocks and herds are driven home,
Then kneel again to God.

Because you need him day and night,
To shield you with his arm,
To help you always to do right,
To feed your soul, and give it light,
And keep you safe from harm.

II.—EVENING HYMN.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day thy hand hath led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast kept, and clothed, and fed me,
Listen to my humble prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well,
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

III.—THE SICK BOY.

eight	field	dy-ing
cough	lilies	be-lieve
laugh	grieve	pleas-ure

I KNOW a little boy, whose name is James Bruce. He is eight years old; but he cannot run about like other boys. He has got a bad cough, and looks very pale and thin. If he even laughs, it brings on a sad fit of coughing. But James does not sigh and grieve because he is ill. He knows that God can make him well, if it is His will, and he is quite contented to bear whatever is His will. He can read and write, and he gets much pleasure from his books. His Bible is his chief companion. If he sees his mother grieve when the cough troubles him, he tries to comfort her.

Though James is a sick afflicted child, he is very patient, and, I believe, he is much happier than many strong healthy *boys are.*

He has found these lines to be true,—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

IV.—DEATH.

The lilies of the field,
That quickly fade away,
May well to us a lesson yield,
Who die as soon as they.

That pretty blossom see
Decaying on the walk;
A storm came sweeping o'er the tree,
And broke its feeble stalk.

Just like an early rose
I've seen an infant bloom;
But death, perhaps, before it blows,
Will lay it in the tomb.

Then let us think on Death,
Though we are young and gay;
For God, who gave us life and breath,
Can take them soon away.

V.—THANKFULNESS.

bowl	trudge	morn-ing
sight	wooden	knit-ting
coach	strength	por-ridge

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge, when others have every sort of good thing," muttered Charlie, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him.

"It's very hard to have to get up so early on these bitter cold mornings, and work hard all day, when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of labour!

"It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches!"

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting, "it's a great blessing to have food when so many are hungry, to have a roof over one's head when so many are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight, and hearing, and strength for daily labour, when so many *are blind*, deaf, or suffering,—yes, and to

have plenty of work, when many
to work can't get it!"

"Why, grandmother, you seem
that nothing is hard," said the boy,
a grumbling tone.

"No, Charlie, there is one thing
think very hard."

"What's that?" cried Charlie,
thought that at last his grandm
had found some cause for complain

"Why, boy, I think that heart is
hard that is not thankful for so n
blessings."

VI.—THE SICK MOTHER.

nice	bright	ba-sin
right	stairs	doc-tor
voice	please	use-ful

"Now, mother," said little Mary Bell,
she brought her sick mother a nice basi
of beef tea, "you must please not to speak
a word, for the doctor said that I might
talk to you, but that you must be very
quiet. *You look* very pale, but I hope we

shall soon see the colour in your cheeks again. My little book says of a sick mother,—

'Thy cheek is pale with many cares,
Thy brow is overcast,
And thy fair face a shadow wears,
That tells of sorrows past.'

You must please to take the beef tea now, for Betty said, when she gave it to me, that it was just right, and as nice as it could be made. I crept up stairs very gently half an hour ago, and you were asleep, so I told Betty not to pour out the tea then; but when I heard you cough, I asked her to pour it out directly.

"I do so like to wait upon you, mother. Oh, how often you have waited upon me when I have been ill! Do you remember how ill I was in the spring, when you brought the canary into the room to amuse me, and when you used to read to me in a very low voice; and when you sat, more than once, by my bedside all night long?

Many a time, when you thought Mary was asleep, Mary was peeping at you under the bed-clothes, and putting up a little prayer for her mother, who nursed her so kindly. My little book about the sick mother says,—

'Thy gentle eyes are not so bright
As when I knew thee first;
Yet still they have the same sweet light
Which long my heart has nursed.'

But your eyes will be bright again soon. Now, lean back again upon your pillow, and I will put your footstool right for you. There, in ten minutes Mary will come back again, and try to make herself useful."

VII.—MOTHER AND FATHER.

O MY mother, I would be
Kind and gentle unto thee;
Never may I wound that breast
Which fed and pillow'd me to rest.

Father, I would be to you
Always faithful, kind, and true;
And would honour and would love
My parents next to God above.

VIII.—WHAT A LITTLE GIRL CAN DO.

buy	crumb	mon-ey
shoes	might	grow-ing
clothes	waste	cup-board

I AM a very little girl, but I am growing bigger every year, and by and by I hope to be more useful than I am now.

Father works hard out in the fields, and mother works hard at home, for she has a great deal to do among so many of us. What a number of pennies it must take to buy all our clothes, and bonnets, and shoes! and then our breakfasts and dinners! Father had need to work, and mother too.

I cannot work and get money to buy a loaf, but I take care not to waste a single

crumb; let the crust be as hard as it will, I eat it all up.

If I can't buy wood and candles, I take care not to waste them. I am too little to poke the fire, and to snuff the candle; mother says I might set my clothes all in a blaze.

I don't know how much my mother paid for my last shoes; it took all the money in the corner of the cupboard, so I take care not to get into the wet and dirt, that my shoes may last the longer.

I have had my bonnet a long while now; I never swing it about by the strings, nor crush it up together, nor leave it lying about; and mother says that is the reason it has lasted so long.

I have not got many play things, for they would cost money and wear out; so I play with the kitten, and pussy never costs anything, and never wears out. Mother says, time is as good as money, and that if I cannot help her much, I *should not hinder* her by being untidy, or

I keep everything about me as tidy as I can. I put my little chair in the corner when I have done with it, that nobody may tumble over it. I try to learn all I can, that I may be of use. Many a time mother has sent me with father's dinner into the fields. It would never do for mother to go, and carry baby too, while I was doing nothing. Sometimes I go over to the shop on an errand, so that if I *get* nothing, I try to *save* something, and mother says that is the same thing.

IX.—THE CANARY.

catch	vain-ly	beau-ti-ful
fright	e-scape	o-be-di-ent
school	anx-ious	in-qui-si-tive

Little Mary Ann had often wished to get a canary, and her kind Mama promised to buy her one, if she continued diligent and obedient.

One day, on the little girl's coming home *from school*, her Mama said to her, "My

dear child, I am going out for a short time. There is a little box on the table; do not upon any account open or touch it. If you are obedient, and attend to my request, I have a pleasure in reserve for you on my return." The little girl promised; but scarcely had her Mama left the room when the disobedient child took up the box. "How light it is!" she exclaimed, "and there are little holes bored in the lid:—what can it contain?"

After a little hesitation, thinking that her Mama would never know of her disobedience, she opened the box, when forth sprung a beautiful canary, which flew chirping round the room.

The little girl, frightened at the escape of the bird, now tried to catch it, in order to replace it in the box; but the little prisoner avoided her anxious grasp, and, flushed and breathless, she was still vainly pursuing it when her Mama entered the room, and, regarding her with a serious countenance, said, "Inquisitive and dis-

obedient girl, the bird was intended as a present for you; but I desired to prove first whether you were worthy of it. Unhappily such is not the case; I shall therefore return it immediately to the bird-seller."

X.—THE MAN AND THE TURNIP.

two	force	im-mense
grew	twice	la-bour-er
size	squire	e-nor-mous

A POOR labourer who grew turnips in his garden found among them one of immense size. He carried it to the Squire, who, as a reward for his industry, gave him two pounds.

A peasant of the same village, who was well-to-do in the world, but very greedy, heard of the affair, and said to himself: "It would not be a bad plan to go and offer the gentleman the finest of my sheep. As he has given two pounds for a turnip he will give me much more for a beautiful *sheep.*"

He accordingly took his sheep to the Squire, and begged he would accept it.

The Squire immediately saw the man's selfishness, and refused to accept of the present. The peasant entreated him; so he replied,—

"As you force me to accept your present, I will give you something in return which cost me twice the value of your sheep." So he presented him with the enormous turnip.

XI.—READY WIT.

toil	week	pul-ley
coil	built	chim-ney
drew	height	stock-ing

After hard toil for many weeks the tall chimney of a new factory was built up. The men put the last stroke to their work, and came down as fast as they could. In his haste, the last but one drew the rope out of the pulley. This want of care turned their joy to fear.

They saw one man left at the top, with no means to come down. What could be done? There was no scaffold, and no ladder would reach half the height. The men had come down by the pulley; and there it was still, fixed and firm, at the top of the chimney; but the rope lay in a coil on the ground.

They all stood in silence to look up at their lonely friend on the top, while he saw no way of help from their hands below. Just then his wife came by, and, with quick thought and good sense, she was able to save her husband.

"John," she called out; but what did she say? what did she bid him do? Those who cannot find out must be told.

With all her strength she shouted,—"John, rove your stocking: begin at the toe." He knew at once what she meant, and drawing off his stocking—no doubt knit by his wife—cut off the end, and soon set free the thread. He roved a long piece, and to this he tied a little bit

of brick, and gently let it down for eager hands to reach.

Meantime his wife had brought a ball of small twine, which was made fast to the worsted. With a shout, they told John to pull up again. He did so, and they heard the words, "I have it." The pulley rope was then made fast to the twine.

With a glad heart John drew it up, put it over the pulley; then snatching up the rest of the stocking, which was to him a keepsake for life, he let himself down as the other men had done, till he reached the ground in safety.

XII.—PRESENCE OF MIND.

pale	friend	spoil-ing
edge	church	be-hav-iour
check	strange	hand-i-work

Two men were engaged in painting a grand church.

A plank of wood was slung up for them *to stand* upon, about forty feet from the

ground. The mind of one was so bent on his work that he, forgetting where he was, began to move away from the picture, to see his handiwork in the best light.

He went back slowly, step by step, until he set foot on the very edge of the plank. His friend saw the danger; but how could he prevent it? To speak was in vain, and not to speak made death no less certain; for one more step would send the man dashing on a stone floor beneath.

Quick as thought, the friend picked up a brush and drew it across the wall—thus utterly spoiling the fine picture. With an angry word, the painter made a rush forward to check his friend, and to ward off the injury; but he met a face that was deadly pale. In his turn *he* paused and stood looking at his friend, who then pointed out the reason of his strange behaviour.

The storm of rage was over at once, and the painter wept while he blessed the hand which had just robbed him, for *a time*, of fame, and pride, and joy.

XIII.—THE CHILD AND THE BIRD.

C. Little bird, little bird, come to me!
I have a green cage ready for thee;
Many bright flowers I'll bring to you,
And fresh ripe cherries, all wet with dew

B. Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care,
But I dearly love the clear, cool air;
And my snug little nest in the old oak tree
Is better than golden cage for me.

C. Little bird, little bird, where wilt thou go
When the fields are all buried in snow
The ice will cover the old oak tree;
Little bird, little bird, stay with me!

B. Nay, little maiden, away I'll fly
To greener fields and a warmer sky;
When Spring returns with pattering rain,
My merry song you will hear again.

C. Little bird! little bird! who'll guide thee
Over the hills and over the sea?
Foolish one, come in the house to stay;
For I am sure you'll lose your way.

B. Ah, no, little maiden! God guides me
Over the hills and over the sea;
I will be free as the morning air,
Chasing the sunlight everywhere!

XIV.—LITTLE DICK AND THE GIANT.

die	thumb	strug-gle
grief	seized	roast-ing
fierce	square	whis-tling

Little Dick was a gay, merry little fellow. He used to go about singing and whistling all day, and nothing could ever make merry little Dick sad. One day little Dick thought he would have a ramble in a large dark wood a good way from home. So off he set, without telling his father and mother where he *wanted to go.* The day was very fine,

the sun shone so brightly, and the flowers looked so lovely, that Dick's heart was filled with joy and gladness, and he sang and whistled till he made the woods ring. He sported about among the trees and flowers, and could not leave so sweet a spot.

A pretty brook of cool, clear water ran through the wood. When Dick saw the cool water gushing so pure over the small stones and sand, he ran to the brook, and was stooping down to drink. In a moment he was seized from behind and found himself in the hands of a great tall, fierce, ugly looking giant, a hundred times bigger than himself. Dick was no bigger than this great giant's thumb, so that he could hold Dick hard and fast in one hand. The giant held up poor Dick to his face, and roared with delight. Dick thought he was going to eat him at one mouthful. The giant, however, did not do this, but put him into a large, strong bag, and *took him off* to his house. Dick tried to

he could to get out of the bag, but all his cries and struggles were in vain.

At last the giant came to his house—a gloomy place, with a high wall all round it, and no trees or flowers. When he went in he shut the door fast, and then took Dick out of the bag.

When Dick looked around he saw four poor little prisoners like himself, roasting before a large fire, for the giant's supper. He thought his last hour was come. The giant, however, did not kill Dick then, but held him so tight in his hand as almost to crush him to death. He then threw him into a dark square prison, fenced with iron bars so close that Dick could not get out. The giant then threw in, after Dick, a piece of dry bread, as large as Dick himself, and placed near him a large, deep tub full of water.

What a sad place was this to live and die in! How unhappy it made him to think of his own snug, pretty home, his *nice little* supper, and the grief of his dear

father and mother at his loss. In h
grief and fear he dashed his head again
the iron bars, and struggled to get ou
but, alas! the iron bars were too stro
to break, and too close to pass throug
After a night's struggle, poor Dick l
panting and almost dead on the floor
his prison.

XV.—LITTLE DICK & THE GIANT—continue

sore	piece	prison
limbs	coarse	breath
fright	throat	breathe

THE next day the giant came and look
into the prison through the bars. He sa
Dick lying panting on the prison flo
and that he had not touched the bread
the water; so he took him up by t
head, and made him open his mouth, a
began to cram great pieces of the bre
down Dick's throat with a long stick. H
then plunged Dick's head into the wat
and held it there to make him drink. Po
Dick was in a great fright, and alm

drowned; but the giant thought he had been very kind to Dick, and that he was a very good giant indeed, for making him eat and drink so much.

Poor Dick was left all alone in the dark another day, and a sad day it was to him. He thought all day of his own snug home, his kind father and mother, his happy, merry playmates, the sunlight, the trees, the flowers, and the many nice things he used to get to eat; and then he screamed, and tried to get between the iron bars, and beat and hurt his poor head and limbs sore in trying to get out.

The giant came this day again, in the midst of Dick's grief. He crammed more of the coarse food down Dick's throat, and held his head in the water to make him drink, till he had almost lost his breath. The giant thought he was kind; but Dick was nearly killed with his kindness. Having been so very kind to Dick, he thought he should now sing to him *for his* kindness, as he used to do at

home. "Sing, sir! sing, sir!" roa
the giant; but Dick was far too sad
sing. A prison is not a place to s
songs of gladness in. The giant n
went into a great rage, and plunged
hand in at the door of Dick's prison
seize him, and make him sing. H
he was going to make him sing I do
know. But Dick was much afraid,
when he felt himself in the giant's ha
he gave a loud scream, and made a plu
and a struggle to get away and save
life. The giant held him so firm and
in his hand, that in the struggle he crus
poor Dick to death.

It is sad to think of so happy a li
fellow as Dick coming to such an unha
end. Surely none of us would ever ha
poor little Dick, or any of his broth
and sisters.

Dick was a little song-bird, and the gi
was a cruel little boy.

XVI.—TEA-DRINKING WITH GRANDMAMA.

limbs	hymn	climb
crumbs	sol-emn	high-er
psalms	au-tumn	half-way

WHEN our lessons were done last night we all set out to take tea with grandmother. Her house stands higher than ours, and we have to climb half-way up the hill before we can get to it. She is a very kind old lady, and we are always glad to get leave to go to drink tea with her. She is very good and very happy, though she is much failed, and has not the use of her limbs so well as she used to have.

We enjoyed our tea very much. We got some fine cakes and raspberry jam. Grandmother's little linnet was hopping and flying about the room as usual; and it was not afraid to alight on the table and pick up the crumbs.

After tea grandmother made us all say our psalms for next Sunday, and even little Tommy repeated his hymn to her, *which he did* very well. It was very solemn

to see her, with her white hair, and her glasses on, and her psalm-book in her hand, hearing the little ones their lessons. She told us to come back to see her soon, before the autumn set in.

XVII.—THE STAR.

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light;
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He could not see which way to go
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
Yet often through my window peep,

For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright but tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

XVIII.—FANNY AND HER DOG FRISK.

tail	once	par-lour
pear	twice	leap-ing
stair	scream	crea-ture

FANNY HOWARD was a lively little girl. She had no brother nor sister, and her only playfellow was her dog, whose name was Frisk.

Frisk was a merry fellow; he was never tired of play. He had been taught to fetch and carry; and when he saw anything lie on the ground he used always to take it up in his mouth, and carry it to Fanny, his little mistress. Sometimes he would pick up an apple, or a pear, or a

plum, that had fallen from the trees in the garden, and Fanny loved such presents very much; but she was not always so well pleased with the things Frisk brought her, for he had once given her a lump of dirt, and had twice laid a greasy bone on the book in which she was reading a story.

If Fanny was angry with him for such tricks, he would stand at a little distance, look up in her face, wag his tail, and now and then bark very softly, as much as to say, "Forgive me."

Then Fanny could not be angry any longer; she would smile, and stroke him, and say, "Pretty Frisk;" and away went Frisk as happy as any dog in the world, and the next stone or bone he found was sure to pop into Fanny's lap.

One day Fanny was going out to dinner with Papa and Mama. She was very neatly dressed in a muslin frock, and was sitting on a stool beside her Mama in the parlour, waiting till her Papa should be

ready; when in ran Frisk, and leaping up to Fanny, dropped a great frog into her lap. Fanny screamed, and jumped from her seat, and the frog fell on the floor. "Do not scream, Fanny," said her Mama, "that poor frog cannot hurt you; see how it sits and pants. It is ready to die with fear, or perhaps the dog's teeth have hurt it. Ring the bell, that James may come and carry the poor harmless creature back to its home." When the frog was put on the grass, a little way from the edge of the pond, it made one great leap, and was in the water in a moment. Fanny's frock was stained with the wet feet of the frog; she was forced to go up stairs to change it; and Frisk, who found that he had done something wrong, crept away, and lay down in a corner.

"I shall never love Frisk again," said Fanny. "That is very wrong," said her Mama; "Frisk has been taught to play tricks, and when he brings you anything you like, you stroke him and praise him.

I suppose Frisk saw the frog hopping on the grass, and thought it would please you to see it hop in the parlour. You tried to teach him to bring you the kitten, and how should a dog know that you do not like frogs as well as kittens?" Fanny thought that was very true, and when she got home she forgave Frisk; but she told him again and again never to bring her anything that was alive. Frisk wagged his tail; but, wise as he looked, he knew nothing about the matter.

XIX.—FANNY & HER DOG FRISK—continued.

laid	howl	crouch
cage	field	feath-er
maid	fright	de-light

A FEW days after this, as Fanny was walking with her maid, Frisk picked up a young linnet that had fallen out of its nest in a high tree, and laid it at Fanny's feet. Fanny was delighted, and ran home with her bird. "Poor little thing!" said

her Mama; we shall take care of it till it can fly, and then let it go." "Oh no," cried Fanny, "we shall keep it always; I will feed it, and soon teach it to love me." "My dear child," said her Mama, "it will never love you as it will love the fields, and the trees, and the air. It is true, we see birds in cages, which eat the seed that is given to them; and sing, and flutter their little wings, as if they were very well pleased; but once leave their cage door open, and away they fly to seek their own food, to sing upon the tall trees, and build their own little nests. Never do they come back to the cages, or to the hands that used to feed them. But your linnet is too young and too helpless to be left to himself; he would be starved if you were to let him fly away till he is older, for we know not where to find his nest and his mother."

The linnet was put into a cage; and he grew, and began to sing. Fanny fed him herself, and he became so tame that he

would hop out of his cage on the table and on the ground. One day a strange cat found the door of the room open where the bird was hung up in his cage; the linnet was sitting upon his perch singing, and the cat crouching down, sat watching the pretty little bird, till at last she made a great spring upon the cage, and pulled it down to the ground. The poor linnet, panting, and almost dying with fear, flew from side to side of his cage, while the savage creature strove to catch him through the wires with her sharp claws. She had torn some of the feathers out of his wings and tail, and would very soon have killed him, had not Frisk just then run into the room. Frisk howled, barked, and made so loud a noise that the servant heard him, and came to see what was the matter. Then the strange cat was driven out of doors, and the cage with the poor little trembling linnet was hung up again: but for two whole days he did not sing a note. After *that he forgot* his fright, and was as lively

nd merry as before. Fanny praised Frisk ery much indeed for his kindness to the ttle bird.

XX.—FANNY & HER DOG FRISK—concluded.

blew	ought	brought
hedge	enough	coax-ing
climb	frighten	win-dow

)NE fine morning Fanny put the cage on , table near the window. The window vas open, and so was the door of the age. Fanny sat on the window seat. She thought that if her bird came too ıear she would catch him, or shut the vindow in a moment. The linnet sung, ınd hopped in and out of his cage, and ound and round the table. Fanny never noved her eyes from him, but at last he pread his wings, and was gone before she ould lift a hand to stop him. She flew nto the garden. Frisk was going to ollow. "Get back, you great creature," ried Fanny, "you will frighten my *larling.*" Frisk hung down his head

and went back. The linnet had perched on a tree. He looked at Fanny, he sung to Fanny, but all her coaxing and her tears could not bring him back to her and his cage. At last, when she tried to climb up the tree to catch him, he stretched out his wings and flew over the garden wall, and Fanny lost sight of him for ever. She cried a long time for the loss of her bird; but when she saw Frisk, she said to herself, "It almost serves me right. I have known Frisk longer than I did the linnet, and I ought always to have loved him best. The linnet will be much more happy among the trees, and fields, and hedges than he was in my cage; but Frisk would not be so happy anywhere as he is with me: so I will hear the birds sing out of doors, but my merry Frisk shall be my play-fellow still. Come to me, best of dogs." He came. She patted his sides, and he jumped and frisked about his dear little mistress, but never brought her any more birds or frogs, though he did

now and then make her a present of a bone or a stone, or some such thing, that was not quite clean enough to lay upon a white frock in the lap of a little girl.

XXI.—THE PEACHES.

quite	peach	cov-e-tous
fruit	cheap	cer-tain-ly
juicy	brought	beau-ti-ful

ONE day a labourer came home from the nearest town, where he had been to market, and brought with him five ripe peaches. He called his four boys. "There, boys," said he, "is one for each of you, and one for your mother."

The children thanked their father, and looked very much pleased; they had never seen a peach before, and they thought it was the most beautiful fruit they had ever seen in their lives.

In the evening, when they were just going to bed, their father said, "Well, *children*, how did you like your peaches?"

"Oh, very much, dear father," said the eldest. "It is such a nice, juicy fruit. I have put the stone carefully by, and when it is the right time of year for it, I will plant it in the ground, and then I shall have a young peach-tree growing from it."

"Very good," said the father, "that was prudent and thoughtful. A good husbandman always takes care to provide for the future."

"I ate up my peach at once, and threw away the stone," said the youngest, who was a very little boy; "and mother gave me half of hers. Oh, it was so sweet, it quite melted in my mouth."

"Well," said the father, "that was not very wise, to be sure, but it was very natural for such a little fellow as you are. When you are older you will learn to be more prudent."

"*I* was prudent, father," said the second son; "I picked up the stone my little brother had thrown away, and opened it.

ıere was a kernel in it as sweet as a nut. ıt I sold my peach, and got so much for that when I go to the town, where aches are cheap, I may buy three or ır with the money.

The father looked grave. "It was udent, certainly," said he; "but I am ry you did it. I like to see chil- en careful; but I do not like to see em making bargains, and trying to t as much as they can for themselves, cause that is covetous. I had rather u had done as your little brother d."

"But what did *you* do with your peach, illy?" added he, turning to the third n, who had not yet spoken.

"Why, father," said Willy, "I took it poor little George next door, who is ill th fever; I thought it would be pleasant d cooling for him, when he is so hot d thirsty. He would not take it at st, but I laid it on his bed and ran 'ay."

"Well!" said the father, "now tell me boys, which of you made the best use o his peach?"

"Brother Willy has!" cried all the thre boys.

Willy said nothing; but when his mothe kissed him, and the tears came into he eyes with the pleasure she felt, I am sur he was happier than twenty peaches coul have made him.

XXII.—THE OLD APPLE TREE.

nice	steal	wheth-er
juic-y	con-ceal	health-y
mor-sel	view-ing	neigh-bour

Old John had an apple tree,
Healthy and green,
Which bore the best apples
That ever were seen—
So juicy, so mellow, and red;
And when they were ripe,
As old Johnny was poor,

He sold them to children
That passed by his door,
To buy him a morsel of bread.

Little Dick, his next neighbour,
One often might see,
With longing eye viewing
The nice apple tree,
And wishing an apple might fall;
One day, as he stood
In the heat of the sun,
He began thinking whether
He might not take *one;*
And then he look'd over the wall.

But, stop, little boy,
Come away from the tree,
Content hot or weary
Or thirsty to be,
Or anything rather than *steal;*
For the great God, who even
In darkness can look,
Writes down every crime
We commit in a book,
However we think to conceal.

XXIII.—HONESTY.

On the goods that are not thine,
Little Christian, lay no finger;
Round thy neighbour's better things
Let no wishful glances linger.

Pilfer not the smallest thing,
Touch it not howe'er thou need it;
Though the owner have enough,
Though he know it not, nor heed it.

Taste not the forbidden fruit,
Though resistance be a trial;
Grasping hand and roving eye,
Early teach them self-denial.

Upright heart and honest name
To the poorest are a treasure,
Better than ill-gotten wealth,
Better far than pomp and pleasure.

Poor and needy though thou art,
Gladly take what God has given,
With clean hands and humble heart,
Passing through the world to heaven.

XXIV.—WILLIAM AND EDWARD.

pail	laugh	av-e-nue
threw	people	sprawl-ing
ankle	be-lieve	thought-less

WILLIAM and Edward were two clever little boys, and not at all ill-natured; but they were very fond of sport, and they did not care whether people were hurt or not, provided they could but laugh. So one fine summer day, when they had said their lessons, they took a walk through the long grass in the meadows.

William began to blow the down from the dandelions, and the seeds flew away in the wind; but Edward said, "Let us tie the grass; it will be very good sport to tie the long grass over the foot-path, and to see people tumble upon their faces as they run along, and do not suspect anything of the matter." So they tied the grass in several places, and then hid themselves, to see who would pass.

Presently a farmer's boy came trudging along, when down he tumbled, and lay

sprawling on the ground; however, he had nothing to do but to get up again, so there was not much harm done this time. Then there came Susan, the milk-maid, tripping along with her milk-pail upon her head, and singing like a lark. When her foot struck against the tied grass, down she came with her pail, and her milk was all spilled upon the ground.

Then Edward pitied poor Susan, and said, "I think I should not like to be served so myself; let us untie the grass." "No, no," said William; "I see a man running along as if he were running for a wager. I am sure he will fall when he comes up." And so the man did, and William and Edward both laughed; but when the man did not get up again, they began to be frightened, and went up to him and asked him if he was hurt.

"Oh, masters!" said the man, "some thoughtless boys, I do not know who they are, have tied the grass together over the

path, and as I was running with all my might, it threw me down, and I have hurt my ankle so that I shall not be able to walk for a month." "I am very sorry," said Edward; "have you much pain?" "Oh yes!" said the man; "but that I do not mind: but I was going in a great hurry to fetch a doctor to bleed a gentleman who is in a fit, and they say he will die if he is not bled."

Then Edward and William both turned pale with fright, and said, "Where does the doctor live? we will go for him, and will run all the way." "He lives at the next town," said the man; "but it is more than a mile off, and you cannot run so fast as I should have done; you are only boys." "Where must we tell the doctor to come to?" said William. "He must go to the white house at the end of the long avenue," said the man. "He is a very good gentleman that lives there." "Oh, it is Papa! it is our father!" said the two boys. "Oh, he will die; what must we do?"

I do not know whether their Papa died or not; I believe he got well again. But I am sure of one thing,—that Edward and William never tied the grass to throw people down again, as long as they lived.

XXV.—BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

dai-sies	hours	de-light
fear-ing	fields	pa-tient
weath-er	strength	chil-dren

Buttercups and daisies,
Oh, the pretty flowers!
Coming ere the spring time
To tell of sunny hours;
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
Spring up here and there.

Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health,
By their mother's door:

Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not and caring not,
Though they be a-cold.

What to them is weather!
What are stormy showers!
Buttercups and daisies
Are these human flowers!
He who gave them hardship,
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength,
And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow buttercups,
Welcome daisies white;
Ye are to my spirit
A vision of delight:
Coming ere the spring time,
Of sunny hours to tell—
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth *all things well.*

XXVI.—ONLY ONE BRICK UPON ANOTHER.

mor-tar	trade	smil-ing
o-cean	built	build-ing
great-est	smile	de-spise

EDWIN was one day looking at a large building, which was being put up just opposite his father's house. He watched the workmen from day to day, as they carried up the bricks and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order. His father said to him,—

"Edwin, you seem to be very much taken up with the bricklayers; pray, what might you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?"

"No," said Edward, smiling; "but I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that this great house is built by laying one brick upon another."

"Very true, my boy; never forget it. Just so is it with all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson *added to* another. If a man could walk

round the world, it would be by repeatedly putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of one little moment after another. The ocean itself is made up of countless little drops of water."

Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn, also, not to be discouraged by great labour. The greatest labour becomes easy if divided into parts. You cannot jump over a mountain; but step by step will take you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the whole of yonder building is only one brick upon another.

XXVII.—LITTLE BY LITTLE.

ti-ny	oak	use-ful
a-corn	dew	em-ploy
branch-es	grew	im-prov-ing

"LITTLE by little," an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,

"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."
Little by little each day it grew;
Little by little it sipped the dew;
Downward it sent out a thread-like root,
Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot.
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear,
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the *mighty oak* is the forest's pride.

"Little by little!" said a thoughtful boy:
"Moment by moment I'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play;
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell—
'Whatever I do, I will do it well.'
Little by little I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago;
And one of those days perhaps will see
That the world will be the better for me!"
And so it happened that this simple plan
Made him a wise and a useful man.

XXVIII.—A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

an-swer	field	cour-age
prog-ress	friend	there-fore
schol-ars	fruits	hon-est-ly

A WORD with you, my boys and girls. Not you who are quick at your books and your play; not you who are before your companions in learning; not you who are always gay as larks, and light-hearted as lambs in a sunny field! But listen to me, you that are timid, and somewhat backward in your books. You that find it hard to learn, and cannot easily keep up with your school-fellows, listen to an old friend.

There is no reason why you should be out of spirits; only be attentive, and do your best, and I will answer for your making progress in your studies.

Some of the best trees are a long time in coming to perfection. Some of the best fruits ripen slowly, and many of the most learned men were, at first, by no means clever scholars; therefore, take courage *and do your best.*

Your learning is not meant so much to make you clever, as it is to render you useful. He who has learned to fear God, honour his parents, obey his teachers, love his Bible, speak truth, act honestly, and behave kindly to those around him, is a better scholar, in my opinion, than he who has learned Latin and Greek, but knows not how to make himself useful.

XXIX.—NEVER SAY FAIL!

Keep pushing—'tis wiser
  Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing
  And waiting the tide.
In life's earnest battle
  They only prevail
Who daily march onward
  And never say fail.

In life's rosy morning,
  In manhood's firm pride,

Let this be the motto
Your footsteps to guide:
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
"We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail!"

XXX.—MIND THE DOOR.

thieves	fierce	an-gel
ob-serve	haugh-ty	wel-come
de-scribe	pleas-ure	crowd-ing

DID you ever observe how strong a street door is? How thick the wood is, how heavy the chain is, what large bolts it has, and what a lock! If there were nothing of value in the house, or no thieves outside, this would not be needed; but as there are precious things within, and bad men without, there is need that the door be strong.

We have a house. Our heart and mind is that house. Bad things are for ever trying to come into our mind and heart.

I will describe some of these bad things to you.

Who is that at the door? Ah! I know him; it is *Anger*. What a frown there is on his face! How his lips quiver! How fierce he looks! I will guard the door, and not let him in, or he will be sure to do me, and perhaps some one else, much harm.

Who is this coming next? It is *Pride*. How haughty he seems! He looks down on everything, as if it were too mean for his notice. Ah, wicked Pride! I will hold the door fast, and keep you from ever getting into my heart.

Here is some one else. I am sure, from his sour look, his name is *Ill-Temper*. It will never do to let him in; for as soon as he enters the house he makes every one unhappy, and it will be hard to get him out again. No, sir, we shall not let you in, so you may go away.

Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace I think I know him.

It is *Sloth*. He would like nothing better than to live in my house, sleep or yawn the hours away, and bring me to rags and ruin. No, no, you idle drone; work is pleasure, and I have much to do. Go away; you shall not come in.

But who is this? What a sweet smile! what a kind face! She looks like an angel. How happy she will make us if we ask her in. Come in, *Good-Will*, we must open the door for you.

Others are coming. Good and bad are crowding up. So we must keep the door of our hearts; bad thoughts and bad words must not come in and go out as they do. We will gladly welcome all things good, but we must forbid all things bad to enter our hearts. We must mark well all who try to come in; we must be ever watchful and in earnest. Keep a constant guard against evil thoughts and wicked desires. Mind the door! Mind the door!

XXXI.—LET NOT THE SUN GO DOWN UPON YOUR WRATH.

crim-son	seal	hymn
flow-ers	cease	throat
rus-tling	peace	grieved

See, behind the crimson west
Brightly sinks the sun to rest;
Gently close the drooping flowers;
Softly fall the vesper hours;
Hushed is every woodland note,
Bee's loud hum, and linnet's throat;
Silent is the liquid breeze,
Moonbeams kiss the rustling trees.
Ere the loving stars arise,
Ere soft slumber seals your eyes,
Children, bid contentions cease,
Let the sun go down in peace.

Join not hymns of praise to learn
While your hearts with anger burn;
Kneel not to your evening prayer
With resentment lurking *there*.
God, who bids you dwell in love—
God, who sees you from above—

He is grieved your pride to see,
Every time you disagree.
Ere the silver stars arise,
Ere soft slumber seals your eyes,
Children, bid your quarrels cease,
Let the sun go down in peace.

XXXII.—EVENING HYMN.

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light,
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

Oh may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
Nor powers of darkness me molest.

XXXIII.—THE LIE.

there	high	guilt-y
might	quite	safe-ly
ea-ger	great	coil-ed

THERE was once a farmer who had tw
boys, named Robert and James. One da
he told them that they might go and pla
on the hay-stack in the yard. "But," sa
he, "mind and shut the gate after yo
that the colt may not get out." So t
boys ran off in high glee; but they we
so eager to get upon the hay-stack th
they quite forgot to shut the gate. Wh
they came down they found the gate ope

and, to their great alarm, the colt was nowhere to be seen. "Let us shut the gate now," said Robert, "and not tell father, and then he will think some one else did it." "Oh! no," said James, "let us tell the truth."

About an hour afterwards, Robert went into the house, where his father was. "Robert," said he, "I hope you did not let out the colt?" "Oh, no, father," said Robert. Not long after, he met James; and said, "Well, James, you had a fine time on the hay, I suppose; but I hope you did not let out the colt?" James hung down his head, and said, "Father, I am very sorry, but we forgot to shut the gate, and so he has got out."

Now, I daresay you would not hesitate to say which of these boys was guilty of telling a lie. And yet, the colt had not got away. He was safely coiled up in the corner on some hay, and there the farmer found him, when he came to look.

But this made no difference in Robert's

fault, and so their father thought; for he punished Robert, and was pleased with James for saying what he thought was true.

XXXIV.—PRIDE OF DRESS.

talk-ing	nice	nei-ther
pe-lisse	once	crea-tures
mean-ly	hedge	in-debt-ed

A LITTLE boy and girl were once seated on a flowery bank, and talking proudly about their dress. "See," said the boy, "what a beautiful new hat I have got! what a fine blue jacket and trousers! and what a nice pair of shoes!—it is not every one who is dressed as finely as I am."

"Indeed," said the little girl, "I think I am dressed finer than you; for I have on a silk pelisse, and a hat with a fine feather in it. I know that my dress cost a great deal of money."

"Not so much as mine," said the boy.

"Hold your peace, both of you!" said a *caterpillar*, crawling near in the hedge.

"You have no reason to be so proud of your clothes, for they are only second-hand; and before they were put upon you they have all been worn by some creature or other of which you think but meanly. Why, that silk hat was first wrapped round such a worm as I am."

"There, miss! what do you say to that?" said the boy.

"And the feather," exclaimed a bird perched upon a tree, "was stolen from, or cast off by one of my race!"

"What do you say to that, miss?" added the boy. "Well, my clothes were neither worn by birds nor worms!"

"True," said a sheep grazing close by; "but they were worn on the back of some of my family before they were yours; and as for your hat, I know that the rabbits have supplied the fur for that article; and my friends the calves and oxen were killed, not merely to get their flesh to eat, but also to get their skins to make *your shoes!*"

See the folly of being vain of o
clothes, since we are indebted to t
meanest creatures for them.

How proud we are, how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new
When the poor sheep and silkworm wor
That very clothing long before!

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer clothes than I;
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still

Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
Which form a robe of richest dress.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould
It takes no spot, but still refines;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

XXXV.—ADVICE TO CHILDREN.

ALL good boys will love their parents; for they are very kind to their children. They provide them with food and clothes, and warm beds to sleep on at night. When children are sick, and have much pain, their parents watch over them with tender love; they pity them, and cannot rest till they are well. So you must love your father and mother. Always try to do them good, and make them happy. If they are sick, or full of sorrow, try all you can to comfort them. If they are old, and cannot work, you must work for them; for perhaps you will one day be old and infirm too. Do as you would like others to do to you, and then you will have joy and honour.

Be kind to your brothers and sisters. Do not vex them nor fall out with them. Always try to agree. Call no ill names. Never lift your hand to strike them. It is a shame to fight. Nothing will be more pleasing to your parents than to see you

love each other. All wise and good men will commend you.

Never tell a falsehood. Lying is a sad disgrace to any one. When you tell anything you have seen or heard, mind you tell it just as it was. Do not add to your tale, or invent anything to excite the wonder of those who hear you. Always adhere to the simple truth. Telling a lie is sinful; it can do no good, but it often does a great deal of harm. A good and wise person loves the truth, and will not lie, no, not even in jest.

Some persons make a promise, and it is seldom they perform it. This is not right. When this is the case, such persons will not be soon trusted again. If they do not intend to perform, they should not promise at all. Let truth be your delight.

XXXVI.—THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.

On the last night of the year an old man *was sitting* in his house, alone and very

sorrowful. It was a wild and stormy night, and the house was a lonely one. But it was not the storm which made him sad, nor the lonely house, nor the last night of the year. The old man began to think of his past life; and as he thought and thought, with his face between his hands, the tears might be seen falling from his eyes. His early days came into his memory—the happy, sunny time of boyhood—the old house and its trees—his school days and school companions; and as he remembered them, he said bitterly: "Oh! time, time!—lost time!—but it is now too late to recall thee! When a boy, I thought old age would never come. When my parents and friends implored me to seek God early, I used, like a fool, to say, 'Time enough!' How good and happy I might have been now—how ready to meet sickness and death—if I had only begun to be religious when young. But I was ruined by ever saying, 'Time enough!' and now

old age has come, and I am without hope."

The old man rose from his seat, and gazed from the window upon the dreary scene without. The snow still fell in thick and whirling flakes, and the wind roared through the leafless trees. "Dreary—dreary like my past life," said the old man; and returned to his seat beside the fire. His early friends rose up before his mind. He saw his dear father as he used to be long ago; his mother looked at him with the loving look she ever had; he saw, too, his brothers and sisters—their merry voices rung in his ear; he saw the familiar room in his early home, and its furniture; and the very old pony and dog came before his mind. "All gone!—all gone!" he sobbed out bitterly; "Parents, sisters, brothers, are all sleeping in the old churchyard, with the snows of many winters on their graves." And then how lone his heart felt as he remembered the many *times he had* pained his parents—the un-

kind or petulant words he had spoken—the selfish things he had done. These were all daggers to him now. His brothers and sisters seemed to reproach him for not having been more kind to them while alive. "All gone!" he said, 'and I here a lonely old man! Fool—fool! not to have loved them more, and done more to please them. Oh! time, time!—lost time!"

With eyes dim with tears, and a heart that seemed to burn like a coal, he again went to the window. There was a lull in the storm, the snow had ceased to fall, and the moon and stars were beginning to shine out from the breaking clouds. The old man became more soothed as he gazed on the calm, blue sky; yet he could not banish his heavy sorrow. "I fear," he said, "my last days are come; and the work which should have been begun three-score years ago can never, never be done. Oh! time, time! could I but recall it, how should I labour, by God's grace, to im-

prove it; so that when old age came, it might be like yonder sky, calm and cloudless. I would give ten thousand worlds to be young again!"

A MORNING SONG.

My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

So like the sun would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

AN EVENING SONG.

And now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste,
My sins how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my bed,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my head.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
My guardian being above;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

My Father who art in Heaven, I thank Thee, with all my heart, for the rest and

refreshing sleep of last night, and for the cheering light of another day.

Blessed Jesus! may I be a washed lamb of Thy fold, loving Thee, and living for Thee. O Holy Spirit! dwell in my heart, and cleanse it from all sin.

Help me, O God! to love and obey my Father, and Mother, and my Teacher. May I strive this day, and every day, to keep Thy holy law. Be my God and guide during all the years of my life, and when I die, take me to Thyself, that I may dwell with Thee, and sing Thy praises for ever and ever, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

O MY God! I thank Thee for all the goodness Thou hast shown me this day. Thou hast fed me, and Thou hast clothed me, and Thou hast given me many kind friends. Father of mercies, be ever the guide of my youth. Blot out, for Jesus' sake, the sins that I this day have done.

Teach me, blessed Saviour, to love and serve Thee with all my heart; for Thou didst so love me as to *die* for me.

O God, bless and preserve my Father and Mother, my Sisters and Brothers, and my Teachers; and be pleased, O Father, to shield me from all evil during the darkness of this night, for Christ's sake. Amen.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

O GOD! Thou art the giver of every good and perfect gift. Grant us Thy blessing with these bounties of Thy providence, and pardon our sins, for Christ's sake. Amen.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

MAKE us truly grateful to Thee, O God, for all Thy gifts: and as we live by Thy providence, enable us by Thy Spirit to live to Thy glory, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our sins as we forgive them that sin against us.
And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil:
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

Exercises on Silent Letters.

g and *k*	*l* and *b*	*h* and *gh*	*w*
gnat	walk	heir	wrap
gnash	talk	honest	wrath
gnarl	chalk	honour	wren
gnaw	calm	hospital	wreck
sign	balm	hostler	wretch
design	palm	humour	wrestle
reign	psalm	hour	wreath
feign	alms	rhyme	wrist
knack	calf	thyme	wring
knave	half	myrrh	write
knee	could	neigh	wrinkle
kneel	would	weigh	wrote
knell	should	high	wrong
knew	lamb	sigh	wrung
knit	climb	thigh	who
knife	limb	dough	whose
knight	comb	though	whom
knob	dumb	Hugh	whoop
knot	crumb	bough	whole
knoll	thumb	eight	two
know	plumb	weight	sword
knock	debt	light	answer
knuckle	doubt	height	wrought

Exercises on the Anomalous uses of Consonants.

c hard	*c soft*	*g hard*	*g soft.*
can	cell	gas	gin
cane	cere	gay	gill
cot	cede	gall	gem
coat	cent	gale	germ
cost	cite	gain	gaol
coast	city	get	age
cur	face	gig	rage
cure	lace	gill	cage
class	nice	gird	edge
clean	price	gone	hedge
clip	since	goat	ridge
cloth	pence	glad	bridge
crag	dance	glass	siege
crib	piece	glove	lodge
crop	fleece	glue	huge
crush	cedar	grow	judge
scale	centre	grain	giant
scum	civil.	begin	gipsy
pack	circle	agree	gentle
crack	cinder	forget	oblige
clock	cellar	target	virgin
comet	scent	giggle	ginger
crocus	scene	forgive	gender

Exercises on Accent.

Accent with Shut Sound.		*Accent with Name Sound.*	
an'vil	be-set'	di'et	be-ware'
lev'el	re-gret'	po'et	pre-pare'
cab'in	de-ter'	di'al	se-vere'
sat'in	pre-fer'	vi'al	au-stere'
hab'it	ho-tel'	bri'er	a-side'
vis'it	re-pel'	cri'er	be-tide'
rap'id	as-sist'	fi'nal	re-store'
sol'id	de-sist'	la'bel	de-plore'
met'al	de-test'	le'gal	a-muse'
med'al	ar-rest'	pe'nal	con-fuse'
nev'er	en-list'	pa'per	con-fine
clev'er	per-sist'	ta'per	re-pine'
mod'el	mo-lest'	so'lar	a-lone'
mor'al	ro-bust'	po'lar	a-tone'
up'per	of-fend'	re'gal	a-cute'
un'der	in-tend'	pu'pil	re-fute'
of'fer	re-pel'	fe'ver	de-ny'
prof'fer	pro-pel'	mi'ser	re-ply'
sad'dle	re-lax'	ti'ny	ex-port'
peb'ble	pre-fix'	bri'ny	sup-port'
ab'sent	re-mit'	ly'ing	de-sign'
in'fant	per-mit'	dy'ing	con-sign'
in'stant	com-mit'	fly'ing	be-nign'

Words pronounced alike, but different in Fo and Meaning.

ate	fowl	need	steal
eight	foul	knead	steel
been	grate	knight	tale
bean	great	night	tail
blew	grown	pane	thyme
blue	groan	pain	time
bow	heir	pail	there
bough	air	pale	their
bred	hare	piece	wait
bread	hair	peace	weight
choose	heal	red	would
chews	heel	read	wood
clause	hear	see	pare
claws	here	sea	pear
course	him	sew	pair
coarse	hymn	sow	rein
dear	hour	size	rain
deer	our	sighs	reign
dew	kill	sole	you
due	kiln	soul	ewe
ewer	mite	son	yew
your	might	sun	write
flew	metre	stair	wright
flue	meter	stare	right

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